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# LEARNING AT A LOSS,

OR THE

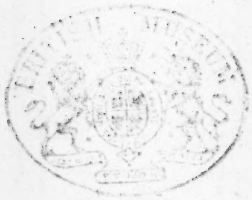
# AMOURS

OF

Mr. PEDANT and Miss HARTLEY.

by Gregory Lewis Way

VOL I.



# LEARNING AT A LOSS,

OR THE

# AMOURS

OF

## Mr. PEDANT and Miss HARTLEY.

## A NOVEL.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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VOLUME THE FIRST.

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*Qui Studiis annos* Septem *dedit, Inſenuitque*
*Libris et Curis, Statuâ taciturnius Exit*
*Plerumque, et Riſu populum Quatit.*

HORACE.

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M.D.CC.LXXVIII.



# DEDICATION, PREFACE, &c.

## TO ALL THE

## CIRCULATING LIBRARIANS

### In the Kingdom of GREAT-BRITAIN.

HAVING now finiſhed my firſt Volume, for I conſider it as a great Piece of Folly, or Preſumption, or perhaps both, to prepare an elaborate Preface for a Work abſolutely Non-exiſtent; inaſmuch as it implies a Man's being perfectly ſatisfied with his own Capability of Writing ſomething worth Publiſhing, (for if it ſhould not be worth publiſhing, a

Preface to it would certainly be needleſs,) and likewiſe as it is contrary to the received and eſtabliſhed Cuſtom of Mankind in moſt other Matters; which, if I thought fit, I could prove by a Variety of Inſtances. Having finiſhed my firſt Volume I ſay then; and if *Horace*'s Doctrine of "*Dimidium facti qui Cepit habet*;" that is, "He who has begun has half done," be true; I, who have actually got through the *Dimidium* or half of my Work, may, by a Parity of Reaſoning, and according to the Rule of Proportions, be very fairly ſaid to have completed it entirely: I begin to think fit that it ſhould be embelliſhed with ſome Sort of Prefatory, Introductory, Dedicatory Diſcourſe; and not having much

much Time to ſpare at preſent, I deſign the following Pages ſhall anſwer any or all of theſe ſeveral Ends, according as I ſhall find it convenient. As for the Dedicatees, or People to be dedicated to, having maturely deliberated on that Matter, I deem it moſt proper to addreſs myſelf with the utmoſt Gratitude to my very generous Friends and Benefactors, as I hope they will be, the Circulating Librarians of this Kingdom, paying them in advance (which I think ought to weigh ſomething with them,) my unfeigned Thanks for their very vigorous and ſpirited Exertions in promoting the extenſive Sale of this little Production; and at the ſame Time humbly intreating them, if they ſhould find

no farther mention of their very reſpectable Selves in the Courſe of this Literary Midwife of mine, which, like other Midwives, has more neceſſary Matters than Compliments to attend to, that they will not give way to the Inſtigations of a wrathful Effervescence, but will content themſelves, like good Tradeſmen, with the promiſſory Note of an Author, which I here give them my Honour ſhall be found payable at Sight in the Concluſion, with all due Ceremonies of dedicatory Reverence, the foregoing Sentences no ways impeding or hindering the ſame.

And now it may perhaps be expected, that I ſhould give ſome conciſe Account of the general Plan and Fable of my Book, together

ther with the Reaſons that firſt induced me to ſet about it, not forgetting a Variety of pretty Apologies for the Inaccuracy of the Stile, and Infinity of other Defects which it may be ſuppoſed to abound with, which, however, it is hoped will be all paſſed over, as the Author compoſed it entirely in the Courſe of three Weeks, "*Stans Pede in Uno*," or when he was on a Journey, or when he was hardly recovered from a ſevere Fit of Illneſs, and the like. And Pleas of this Sort I well know are conſidered by many Authors as a ſufficient Excuſe for the utmoſt Ebullitions of Folly, as if writing Nonſenſe with Facility was any great Merit: nay, ſo perfectly are their Minds ſatisfied with this Salvo, that ſhould the

diſcriminating Stomach of the Public find any accidental Nauſea in ſwallowing the Bolus, after it has been daubed with this apologetical Gilding, they do not ſcruple to anathematize them altogether, as the moſt illiterate, illiberal, undiſcerning Blockheads that ever exiſted. Now, in my Opinion, all this aggravates the Fault inſtead of palliating it; nor can I poſſibly conceive more than one Caſe or Situation where theſe Arguments can be valid or admiſſible, and that is, the *Compulſio ex Paupertate*. Anglicè, when a Man is a good deal behind Hand in the World, and is afraid of being troubled by his Landlord. And this not happening to be my Caſe at preſent, for I paid up to the End of my Quarter but *Thurſ-*

*day*

*day* was Se'nnight laſt paſt, I entirely loſe the Benefit of the Exception, and am abſolutely under an Obligation to write both Senſe and Grammar according to my own Dogma. "Well, but as to the Plot and Characters of the Novel; ſome Sketch of theſe will be very proper and neceſſary, and will doubtleſs be generally expected." I ſhall certainly be thought a very rude Fellow, when I declare, that if this is the Caſe, I am heartily ſorry for it, inaſmuch as all this general Expectation will doubtleſs be diſappointed. Any Thing that bears the Appearance of a Chapter of Contents I utterly explode, and for very ſubſtantial Reaſons too: which Reaſons are not ſubſtantial merely becauſe I chuſe to think them ſo,

but are really, and in themſelves, *Seipſis*, Reaſons good and ſubſtantial; as I will preſently prove, all the Rules of *Ariſtotle* and the Ancients, with their Prologuſſes and Choruſſes, and Protaſiſſes, &c. &c. notwithſtanding.

In their Dramatic Exhibitions and Theatres-Royal indeed, (preſuppoſing that their Regulations concerning Box-keepers, and no Money to be returned after the Curtain is drawn up, were the ſame as ours,) all theſe Pieces of Information might do well enough perhaps; for the Five Shillings being once paid, it ſignified little to the Author or Manager, though it might contribute ſomewhat to increaſe the *Ennui* of the Auditor; whether one was let into the Plot

of

of ſomething exceedingly ſtupid, plump---all at once, or was left to fiſh it out by Degrees, as the Play proceeded, *Gradatim et Pedetentim*. But in the Caſe of a modern Novel, it is widely different. For, ſuppoſing that is explained in the Preface; Miſs ſends for it after Breakfaſt, ſkims the ſix or eight firſt Pages without cutting open the Leaves, and if, from Want of Taſte or Diſcernment, (for we cannot ſuppoſe the Author in fault,) ſhe happens to diſlike either all the Characters, or any one of them; the general Plan of the Whole; the Beginning, the Middle, or the Cataſtrophe; it is returned immediately to her Bookſeller with the verbal Satisfaction ariſing from her informing him, that "She was

"very

" very ſorry for the Trouble ſhe " had given him, but that her Ser- " vant had made a Miſtake, that it " was the wrong Book, 'twas not " the Book ſhe wanted," or the like futile Apology; and there is ſo much clear Loſs out of the Author's and Bookſeller's Pocket. Now, if on the other Hand, ſhe is obliged to read the Book through to come at the Contents of it, ſhe muſt cut open the Leaves; if ſhe cuts open the Leaves, ſhe is obliged to pay for the Book; and if ſhe is obliged to pay for the Book, there is ſo much clear gain into the Author's and Bookſeller's Pocket. Beſides, ſhe will then find Entertainment in it; for the Goad of Curioſity, (which in the other Caſe is entirely taken away,) now acting upon her, every Thing

Thing is ſeen through a different Medium: Denſe Sayings become rare; dull, brilliant; and ſhe now gets thro' with the utmoſt Satisfaction, what would otherwiſe have ſeemed as tireſome and fatiguing, had ſhe been condemned to read it, as lulling her Father to ſleep with the Pſalms and Leſſons on a Sunday Evening.

All I ſhall ſay therefore, is, that I take Characters as I find them; ſo that if there are any Objections made on that Score, as that they are unnatural, diſagreeable, or the like; the Charge will all lie at their own Doors, and I, being but an humble Copier, waſh my Hands of it. Thus much, however, I freely declare, to avoid the Grumblings and Ill-will of ſuch as eſtimate

mate the Value of a Novel by the Number of Peers and Counteſſes it contains; that from the Beginning to the End of my Book, they will find neither a Duke of B——, nor a Marquis of C——, nor D——, nor any one Member of the Upper-houſe whatſoever; no, not even in Diſguiſe. A mere ſimple Baronet or two, and thoſe but odd ones, are my moſt dignified Male Characters; and as to my Females, they are all—*Common*. Neither do I think I have any Thing exactly adapted to the Palates of thoſe blood-thirſty Gentlewomen who delight in Duels between Lovers, and ſhooting Highwaymen, and the like Sorts of Entertainment: for though we have one Military Man amongſt us, he

is

is not particularly attached to ſuch barbarous Paſtimes, owing perhaps to the Scenes of Slaughter he has been preſent at in *America*, which he has quitted but juſt Time enough to give me a little Aſſiſtance. I feel indeed, (and ſurely I may be permitted to flatter myſelf that in this Affair at leaſt I can ſee as far into Futurity as any other blind *Tireſias,*) a certain unaccountable *Preſentiment* that ſome of my Characters, being naturally turbulent, will fall out and quarrel amongſt themſelves before I have done with them, in ſpite of all my Endeavours to the contrary. Leſt this ſhould be the Caſe however, I here beg Leave to premiſe, as before in the Article of Diſagreeableneſs, that it is all their

own

own doing; and if the Conſequences by any Accident ſhould be ſanguinary, it will be entirely for their own Amuſement and Satisfaction. For my Part, I am too much of a Chriſtian not to join in the Litany with the utmoſt Fervour and Sincerity, for Deliverance "from all Battle and Murder, and "from ſudden Death."

As to my Sentimental Readers, if any ſuch there ſhould be; for them indeed I have procured a very valuable, curious, and intereſting Manuſcript. It was given me by an intimate Friend of mine, who met with it by Accident; and though it is written by no higher Character than a Lady's Maid, I think I may venture to pronounce it very far from contemptible. I declare

declare, moreover, as an additional Gratification, that if any Perſon or Perſons of this Stamp ſhould perceive their Patience fail them in coming at it in the regular Courſe of Reading; I will ſave ſuch the Trouble of ſpitting on their Thumbs to turn the Leaves over, by informing them that it is to be found ſomewhere towards the latter End of this firſt Volume, I forget exactly the Number of the Page. And now, having given People in general, as much Satisfaction as I think proper, I mean to fill the Remainder of my Preface with a Diſſertation on a Greek Verb and a Compound Pronoun.

Γνωθι Σεαυτον, *Noſce Teipſum*, or Know Thyſelf, as it has been differently rendered in the different Languages,

Languages, was the Saying of an old *Grecian* Philoſopher, whoſe Name I know nothing about. Now, though that Maxim might be a very good one, and highly ſerviceable in thoſe Days, when it was the Faſhion for Men to run away from their Relations, loſe themſelves in ſome great Wood, (of Science I mean,) and letting their Beards grow, commence Brutes or Philoſophers, or ſometimes both, juſt as it happened; yet I cannot help entertaining a very different Opinion of its Excellency when applied to our preſent Syſtem of Things. I preſume it is granted, that nothing is more fickle than Faſhion, or more ſubject to an infinite Variety of Changes. That at one Time we

ſee

ſee every Body with Waiſts as high as their Arm-pits, and Skirts hanging as long and as aukwardly from the Shoulder, "as an old Lady's looſe Gown." By and by, the Waiſt is dropt to the Kneeband, and the Skirts and Pockets look like thoſe of a Town Footman's Powdering Jacket, or the Remains of a tall Rogue's Thieving Coat, that had left eight or ten Inches of its length in a Nurſery-Man's Steel-Trap. One Minute, nobody can appear with a Button bigger than a drop Ear-ring, or the End of a young Toadſtool; the next, nothing but Plates and Pot-lids go down; and if ſome odd Fellow by Accident appears in a Suit of Cloaths fifty Years behind hand, he is conſidered as abſolutely *Antediluvian* and *Hottentottiſh*.

*tentottiſh.* And is there not then a Faſhion in quaint Sayings and pithy Apopthegms as well as in Dreſs? Would not that be looked upon as groſs Bawdry, and an Affront to the Company where it was ſpoken, in theſe chaſte Days of original Purity, which would have been conſidered as a very good Joke in *Charles* the Second's Time, even for a Maid of Honour to have laughed at? And this being the Caſe, can any thing be more abſurd and ridiculous than to ſee Men now-a-days (following that old Piece of Advice of two or three Thouſand Years ſtanding,) lock themſelves up in their Libraries, (for in the Woods they would probably be expoſed to the Exerciſe of being hunted at preſent, or might be paſſed to their Pariſhes,

Pariſhes, or ſent to the Houſe of Correction as Vagrants, or ſentenced to Ballaſt-heaving as Thieves, or to Bedlam as Mad-men, or to *Brooks's* in the *Hay-Market* as Porcupine-Men; or fifty other Accidents might happen, which would burſt the Barriers of my Parentheſis, if I attempted to inſert them,) and taking the *Noſce Teipſum* in an excluſive Senſe, determine to know nobody *but* themſelves; ſo that if their Ceiling happens to fall in, or they are burnt out of their Laboratory, or any extraordinary Event of that Sort drives them into the World; they ſtare about them, and ſtart, and run to hide themſelves in the firſt Hole they can meet with, like a Spider that's poked out of his Cobweb. Beſides, if

they are ſo obſtinately bigotted to this old Saying, let them follow it according to the new Tranſlation, which is ſtill highly faſhionable, and is now generally believed to be the right one. All the Grammars that I ever read, conjugate the firſt Perſon ſingular of Verbs Active in the following Manner. Let us ſuppoſe, for Inſtance, the Verb, *KNOW*, and let us ſuppoſe the old *Grecian* delivering his Precept to me with a grave Face and dirty Beard, in Engliſh, (for I will not make any farther Diſplay of my Greek and Latin Knowledge, for fear of Puzzling my Readers,) "*Know Thyſelf.*" I begin to conjugate, (having firſt turned my Eyes inwards a little, to ſee whether his Advice was neceſſary,) Indicative Mood,

firſt

firſt Perſon ſingular, *I know, am knowing, or* —— and the Thing is done. For add the Compound Pronoun, *Myſelf, addendo*; I am knowing myſelf; then tranſpoſe, *tranſponendo*, I myſelf am knowing; *id eſt*, I am keen, I am deep, I am a damned clever Fellow, &c. &c. and here you have all the Advantage of the old *Grecian*'s Advice, and keep Company with People of Faſhion into the Bargain.

In thoſe ancient Times, indeed, when Men never felt themſelves Eaſy without two or three hundred Weight of Iron or Braſs upon their Shoulders; when their Fingers were always itching to cut one another's Throats for Diverſion; when their Kings and Generals were for ever vapouring and flouriſhing their

Swords about, like a Parcel of Children, inſomuch that if we may believe *Homer*, they would ſometimes kill their own Butchers-meat to keep their Hands in: When all this was the Caſe I ſay, a quiet peaceable Man, who would at any Time rather fall to ſleep than to fighting, might be much in the Right, taking the Saying in its old Acceptation, to run away and hide himſelf. But in theſe Days of Tranquillity and Civilization, when nothing of this Kind is to be feared; when People generally take off their Swords before they ſit down to Dinner; when the Excellency of our *Police* is ſuch, that a Man may walk for a Fortnight together about the Streets and Roads of the Metropolis, as ſafely as in his own Bedchamber;

Bedchamber; when our very Duels are all *amicably adjuſted*, and after a Flaſh in the Pan, (praiſe be to the Monk who firſt invented Gunpowder!) terminate to the *Satisfaction of all Parties*: Surely, when Things are in this Situation——. The beſt Way to avoid Ill-will and Cenſure is, to let every Reader form his own Judgment upon it.

* * * * *
* * *

O Learning! thou fair maturing Sun of Genius! without whoſe foſtering Influence it ſhoots and flouriſhes indeed, but brings no Fruit to Perfection: How is thy Cauſe injured by the churliſh Bigotry of thy Profeſſors! How

much unmerited Contempt hath that Gloom of Literary Superſtition brought on thee and on thy Doctrines! How many promiſing Hopes and Expectations hath it ſuppreſſed and ſunk for ever! Like Religion thou art lovely and amiable! Like Religion thou haſt been perverted and Abuſed! Thy Ways are Ways of Pleaſantneſs, and all thy Paths are Peace! Thou comeſt as a Father to his Child, not as a Tyrant to his Slave. But thy Teachers have cloathed thee with Pride, they have armed thee with all the Terrors of Perſecution! By thine Enemies thou never could'ſt be injured: For the Pedantry of thine own Children thou art too often undeſervedly deſpiſed.

I am

I am, Gentlemen,
With the utmoſt Sincerity of Submiſſion,
Your moſt accidentally Biographical
Caricature—iſtical
Dat—Dicat—Dedicat—orial
Humble Servant, Slave,
and Blackamoor,
To the Tune of as much Money
As you think proper to give me for my Compliments,

The AUTHOR.

# Learning at a Loſs, &c.

WILLIAM EASY, *Eſq*; *to* CHARLES MELMOTH, *Eſq*.

*Temple, February,*

*Juſt returned from Bath.*

ONCE more, my Dear Friend, I am ſeated in my Chambers at the *Temple*; ſurrounded as uſual, with a ridiculous Confuſion of Litter and Literature; my Chairs and Tables covered with Pamphlets and Powder, and Duſt and Law-books,

books, and in ſhort every Thing exactly as I left it ſix Weeks ago. Well, thought I, as I caſt my Eye round my Apartments, a *Temple* Laundreſs is nothing but a new Edition of an Univerſity Bedmaker! However, there is ſome Satisfaction and Advantage in being able to leave one's Papers in what Corner of the Room one pleaſes, without running the Riſque of their being turned over and methodized with a Broom or a Duſter.

In the mean Time my Servant had ſhut up the Windows, lighted the Fire and two half Candles that remained in the Sconces, and retired; and I, throwing myſelf upon my Sopha, tried I believe for near an hour to perſuade myſelf that I had never been from Home. But finding

finding Reality too ſtrong for Imagination, I began ſeriouſly to ruminate upon what had paſſed during the Interval. My laſt Letter I think was written juſt before I ſet out on my Expedition to that Centre of Gaiety, *Bath*; and I have not heard from you theſe two Months. Since then, what Changes and Viciſſitudes have I experienced! In ſhort, that Day which like Death, muſt ſooner or later come upon all Men, has overtaken me. I am deſperately in Love! Not ſo bad indeed as to prevent or ſuſpend the common Animal Operations of Eating Drinking and Sleeping, nor yet ſo bad as to make me prefer a hard flinty Pavement to a good Featherbed. No—"My Wound," (for you know People in Love are always

always ſuppoſed to be wounded) " is not ſo deep as a Well, nor ſo " wide as a Church Door, but 'tis " enough, 'twill ſerve: Aſk for me " to-morrow, and you ſhall find " me a Grave Man." And now for the Manner in which I received it. I had hardly been at *Bath* three Days, when, as I was dropping into the Pump-room according to my Morning cuſtom, I ſaw a tall elegant Girl about eighteen or twenty, ſupporting a miſerable old Lump of Chalkſtones, who was drinking the Waters. I will not attempt a Deſcription of her, as every Man is apt to deal in Hyperbole on theſe Occaſions, and talk of Orange-flower Breath, and Pearls and Rubies, (as if he was thinking of the Trinkets that muſt be

be bought if he married her,) till he turns his Miſtreſs into a Greenhouſe or a Jeweller's Shop with his Compliments. However, if you are very deſirous of ſeeing her Picture drawn, you may find one ready cut and dried and fit for uſe in moſt Novels. In ſhort, ſhe was

" Fairer far than Painters form
" Or youthful Poets fancy when they love."

that is, ſhe pleaſed me, and entirely came up to my Idea of Female Perfection. As ſoon as the old Fellow was drenched ſufficiently, and had taken himſelf out of the Pump-room, I enquired his Home, &c. of the *Naiad* that attends there; and in the Courſe of five Minute's Converſation, was informed that he was a Mr. *Hartley*, that he had been at *Bath* about a Fortnight, that

that the young Lady was his Daughter and only Child, that ſhe was ſaid to have a very large Fortune, and finally, was to be at the Ball next Evening. A lucky Gleam of Recollection at this Inſtant reminded me that I had often heard my Father talk of him, and that, when a Child, I had ſeen him at our Houſe. Upon the Strength of this paternal Acquaintance, I determined to introduce myſelf, and accordingly made my Appearance at his Door the next Morning about Breakfaſt Time. I found the old Gentleman in his Night-cap and Slippers, pothering over the Newspaper, and his *Charmante fille* on the oppoſite Side of the Table, pouring out the Tea. Having ſeated myſelf by him, both that I might

might have a more advantageous View of my Goddeſs, and that I might appear to pay him the greater Reſpect, I began to explain who I was; and having mentioned ſome Circumſtances which I luckily remembered to have heard from my Father concerning their Acquaintance together, the old Gentleman whipt off his Spectacles in an Inſtant, and laying down his Paper, firſt ſhook me heartily by the Hand, and immediately afterwards reſuming the former Part of his Apparatus, ſtared me full in the Face for near a Minute to diſcover whether there was any Family Likeneſs. He was fortunate enough to perceive a very ſtrong one, which was more than ever I have been able to do in my Life. However,

it ſerved to increaſe his Civility to me, and we ſoon became very intimate. His Wife it ſeems has been dead ſeveral Years, and he calls his own Age between Sixty and Seventy, tho' the frequent Gouty Attacks he has undergone, make him look older. He talked over a vaſt Heap of Family Matters, and ſeemed to conſider me as an Acquaintance of twenty Years ſtanding. Thanks to my Father for it! In the mean Time his Daughter was not idle. I burnt my Mouth horribly with a ſcalding Diſh of Tea ſhe preſented me, from paying greater Attention to the Giver than the Gift. She frequently joined in our Diſcourſe, and was full of Life and Vivacity. You may ſuppoſe I exerted myſelf, and as a

Reward

Reward for my Labour, was happy enough before I left the Houſe, to obtain her own and her Father's Permiſſion to dance with her that Evening. Adieu, my Servant has juſt brought in Supper, which obliges me to defer the Sequel of my Adventures till another Poſt.

Yours, ſincerely,

*W. Eaſy.*

## WILLIAM EASY *to* CHARLES MELMOTH.

*Temple, February,*

*Dear Charles,*

MY laſt I think concluded with a Promiſe of ſome farther Account of my amatorial Proceedings. I now ſit down to fulfil that Promiſe, and at the ſame Time to aſk your Advice in regard to my future Meaſures. Really, I am very much in love with this Girl. The more I think of her, the more I admire her good Senſe and Vivacity; and though in Caſe of a Refuſal, I ſhould neither ſhoot nor drown,

drown, yet if I ever am to marry, moſt fervently do I pray that ſhe may be the Perſon. Books now are become quite a Bore to me.— And not merely Legal ones, which you know I never received much Entertainment from, but Hiſtory, Geography, and even my Favourites the Poets, ſeem inſipid and fatiguing, unleſs they treat of Love. To return to my Hiſtory. According to Appointment, I was made happy with Miſs *Hartley*'s Hand at the Ball, and before ſhe quitted *Bath*, became perfectly intimate with her Father, and I flatter myſelf, not utterly diſagreeable to herſelf. He is really a very honeſt good ſort of Being, but like every body elſe has his Foible,

which however is an innocent one, and in ſome Degree hereditary. His Father was a Man, who to good natural Parts, had added a conſiderable Fund of acquired Knowledge: He, ſeeing with the Eyes of a Parent, unluckily ſuppoſes this Son poſſeſſed of the ſame Degree of the one, and conſequently determines he ſhall not be deficient in the other. With this View he is ſent to the Univerſity, and both his Terms and Vacations employed in all the Perplexities of Science either with his Tutor, or at Home. By and by, the old Man dies; and the Son, having always been taught to ſuppoſe himſelf clever, takes his Father's Word for the Truth of it, and

*invitâ*

*invitâ Minervâ*, continues to this Day wandering in the ſelf ſame Labyrinths, and paying the moſt obſequious Reſpect to every Man he hears ſpoken of for Literary Eminence. You may be aſſured I humoured this ridiculous Paſſion, and routed out all my Stock of Univerſity Learning upon the Occaſion. Upon my Honour, when I had rubbed it up a little, I was ſurprized to find how it ſhone, like a Piece of old Family Plate; tho' the more refined and ſubtle Parts of it were in ſome Degree evaporated. Miſs *Hartley*, if I may credit the Language of the Eyes, which I conſider as ocular Demonſtration, has declared ſhe does not abſolutely hate me, and has half

promiſed to take the firſt Opportunity of Writing. I wiſh I knew how to believe her! They are now at a Relation's near *Reading*, on a Viſit, but will ſoon be in Town, when I ſhall not omit the Renewal of my Acquaintance.

Adieu,

*W. Eaſy.*

*Miſs*

## *Miſs* HARTLEY *to Miſs* RUGG.

*Staples, near Reading.*
*March,*

*My Dear Girl,*

HOW many thouſand fine Speeches and Apologies have I to make for your Goodneſs in writing ſo often whilſt I was at *Bath*, and my own Neglect in never once anſwering you. Really my Dear, if you are unmerciful in your Demands upon me, I muſt take out a Statute of Bankruptcy at once, and oblige you to be ſatisfied with ſo much in the Pound. Beſides, I have very good Reaſons for my long Silence. An inceſſant

Round

Round of Dreſſing and Undreſſing, Plays, Balls, and Diverſions of one Sort or other, hardly left me a Moment to myſelf; and when this was the Caſe, I dare ſay you would not have wiſhed me to ſtupify myſelf with Scribbling.

Heigh ho! Do you know any Gentleman by the Name of *Eaſy*? I danced with him one Night at the Rooms. He introduced himſelf to my Father under pretence of an old Family Connection, and we hardly ever ſtirred without him afterwards. An old Family Connection! Do you think my Vanity would ſuffer me to believe that, my Dear? Is it likely that a handſome young Fellow of ſix or ſeven and Twenty, ſhould hunt out a Man old enough to be his Grandfather,

father, for the Sake of a Family Connection? No, no; if there is any Truth in that Part of the Story, I fancy he thinks the Traces of it are ſo nearly worn out, that it is Time to ſtrengthen them with a new one. Let mé hear your pretty ſerious Sentiments upon this, and quickly too, if you mean to write at all; for in a Fortnight I hope to be in *London*, and then——who knows what may happen to,

Yours,

moſt affectionately,

*Catharine Hartley.*

I had

I had almoſt forgot to tell you that we are now at *Staples*, with that wretched Antique Sir *Anthony Artichoke*, a ſecond Couſin of my Uncle's Wife's Brother-in-law, whom my Father chuſes to call a Relation, becauſe he puzzles him in the dead Languages whenever they meet.

*Charles*

## CHARLES MELMOTH *to* WILLIAM EASY.

*Melmoth Place, Norfolk,*
*March,*

AND ſo my very good Friend and Companion, *William Eaſy*, Eſquire, is at laſt profeſſedly in Love; and willing to exchange the Indolence of a Law Student for the laborious Operations of regulating a Family, and chewing Pap for his Children. Really I think he is very much in the Right. For my own Part, though I have now been married above a Twelvemonth, which according to the preſent Way of Thinking, is a little Eternity, and have been in the

the Country almoſt ever ſince; I do not yet find my Wife's Company at all *Ennuyeuſe* or fatiguing, nor have I once wiſhed for a Repetition of the Gallantries I was engaged in during my Travels. I think I may now venture to intruſt you with thus much of my Mind, without fear of being laughed at as an uxorious Ruſtic, which I know would have been the Caſe half a Year ago. The Amuſements of the Field, the Company of my Friends, ſome of whom have been in the Houſe ever ſince you left us; and now and then that miſerable *Dernier reſſort* to all People of *Ton*, one's own Wife; have really been to me a very ſufficient Source of Happineſs and Satisfaction. Beſides, I have been engaged with a continued

Series

Series of Alterations both in Houſe and Grounds, under the Auſpices of thoſe two great Luminaries, *Wyatt* and *Brown*. Upon my Honour that ſame *Wyatt* is a Fellow of very ſuperior Talents. There is ſomething ſo majeſtically Simple in his Ideas, ſo contrary to the minute Frippery of the Generality, that I am really in Raptures with him. The Metamorphoſes he has made in my Houſe are the Effect of Magic. He has digeſted and methodized that rude Chaos of Antichambers, and Cloſets, and "Paſſages that lead to nothing," which our ridiculous Anceſtors were ſo fond of, and for which you may remember my Habitation was particularly eminent. There is now a very excellent *Suite* of Apartments

in

in Embrio; and the haunted Parlour with marble-coloured Wainſcot will make an incomparable Drawing-Room. And all this ſince you was down with me laſt Summer. By the Bye, I deſire that from this Time forth for evermore, you direct your Letters to *Charles Melmoth*, Eſq; *Melmoth-Place*; as I, being determined the Name of my Seat ſhall not ſurvive the Barbariſm that authorized it, have, without Act of Parliament, and relying upon my own Authority as Juſtice of the Peace, iſſued Orders to all Conſtables, Headboroughs, &c. in the County of *Norfolk*, to wit, that they do by all legal Methods ſuppreſs and deſtroy the original Appellation of *Holly-hock Hall*, and

in

in its ſtead ſubſtitute *Melmoth-Place* aforeſaid.

But perhaps you begin to think this very little to the Purpoſe of your Amour; and as every body is moſt fond of talking and writing about their own Affairs, I muſt confeſs I had almoſt forgot myſelf. However, I wiſh you may ſucceed with all my Heart, and in regard to Advice or Conſultation, will defer it for about a Fortnight, when I deſign viſiting *London* for a few Weeks, and entering for the Time being into all the Vanity of Metropolitan Diverſions. So Farewell.

Yours ever,

*Charles Melmoth.*

## *Miſs* HARTLEY *to Miſs* RUGG.

*Hill-ſtreet, Berkeley-ſquare,*
*April.*

HOW very unlucky and perverſe our Motions are! One would think the croſs-grained Fellow your Uncle contrived it on purpoſe. *Thurſday* Evening I once more ſet Foot in *London*, having eſcaped from a miſerable State of Bond-Slavery at *Staples*, where we had dragged on near ſix Weeks of paſſive Exiſtence without ſeeing a Soul but that old Apple-woman Sir *Anthony*, who is as diſagreeable as the Place he lives in; and two or three Country Neighbours, who are ſtill worſe. I thought my Father would never have quitted the dull

dull Place! We really ſeem, my Dear, for theſe laſt two Years to have been running away from each other. Always like Buckets, one up and the other down. And now, poor Soul, you are ſtationed at *Woodſtock*, are you? (for I called on you *Friday* Morning, and finding you flown, enquired all Particulars of the Servant,) and enjoy the agreeable Society of your maiden Aunts and your Rookery, do you? or if you wiſh for Solitude, you are at full Liberty to ſit under a Tree in the Garden by the Hour together, thinking of *Roſamond* and her Bower, and the Nunnery at *Godſtow*. What a Taſte your Uncle has! I was at *Romeo* and *Juliet* laſt Night, and who does your great Penetration imagine I ſaw

there? No leſs a Perſon than Mr. *Eaſy* I can aſſure you. He ſeemed ſomewhat ſurprized, for he did not know I was in *London*. *Entre nous*, I had promiſed to write to him from *Staples*, but was cruel enough, or as you would ſay, ſufficiently prudent to diſappoint him; ſo that our Meeting was entirely unexpected on his Part. He was in an Undreſs, and looked killingly Negligent, I can aſſure you. There was another Gentleman with him, whom he left and came up to us immediately. My Father was quite rejoiced to ſee him, and for myſelf, filial Duty you know obliged me to experience a ſimilar Senſation. He talked a good Deal, and looked much more. Undoubtedly he is a very agreeable Man, and there is

ſuch

ſuch an ingenuous *Naiveté* in his Behaviour, that I am ſure he muſt be an honeſt one. He humoured my Father in his literary Quixotiſm; and drew Compariſons between *Shakeſpeare* and the Ancients, 'till he got himſelf invited to dine to-morrow with us. (*Nota Bene*. His Eyes upbraided me horridly for not writing.) What a happy Thing it is, that one Pair of young Eyes are quicker than two of old ones. As for my Father, he never ſees at all without his Spectacles, and they are ſeldom made uſe of for the Contemplation of living Objects. So farewell, my Dear, write ſoon to one who will always conſider herſelf,

Your moſt affectionate Friend,
*Catharine Hartley*.

 P. S. Do

P. S. Do you know any thing of your Brother Sir *Thorobred*, or when he returns to *England?* I hope we ſhall find him a little more humanized, and beginning to prefer the Society of his Fellow Creatures to that of his Horſes.

*Miſs*

*Miſs* RUGG *to Miſs* HARTLEY.

*Woodſtock, April.*

AS you know where I am my Dear *Hartley*, you will not be unreaſonable enough to expect News from me. Indeed if I thought you did, I would not attempt writing. As you very truly ſuppoſe, I ſee little Company beſide Rooks and maiden Aunts, and for Converſation, I have none but what my Books afford me, from which, however, though you may laugh, I receive great Entertainment, and I hope ſome Inſtruction. But come, I'll not fatigue you with Matters of this Sort; and yet I have nothing

elſe to ſay for myſelf, unleſs you chuſe a Panegyric upon the Charming Mr. *Eaſy*. By the Bye, he is an intimate Acquaintance of my Brother's. I have ſeen him often, and could almoſt find in my Heart to pull Caps for him, if I was ever diſpoſed to be ſo furious.

The Poſt is juſt come in, with a Letter for me. Perhaps it may aſſiſt my Dearth of News, ſo excuſe my reading it. And now it is read, take it as a Subſtitute for any farther Nonſenſe of my own. And it is from a young Man too, though that will now I ſuppoſe be no particular Recommendation. However, as you aſk after him in your Poſtcript, I will ſend it. It is from my Brother, who is at the *Hague*, and talks of returning

returning to *England* very ſpeedily. He writes in his uſual metaphorical Stile, and ſeems as fond of Rough-riding as ever. But I ſhall leave you to judge for yourſelf, and conclude,

My Dear *Kitty*,

Yours, moſt ſincerely,

*Maria Rugg.*

*The*

*The Incloſed Letter from Sir* THOBRED RUGG *to his Siſter.*

*Hague, April.*

YOU and I, Siſter, are certainly as different Animals as ever boaſted the Privilege of Chriſtianity, and yet I believe we love one another. Whether I long to ſee you or old *England* again, I do not know, but I certainly am thoroughly tired of theſe damn'd Dutchmen. Beſides I have not ſtirred out of Stable except now and then to Exerciſe, for this Month paſt, with the Gout; and my near Leg is deviliſhly puff'd ſtill about the Fetlock. Is not this a ſad Misfortune for a young Fellow

Fellow as I am, juſt coming four and twenty? And as to the Farriers, or Apothecaries as they call them, I never knew ſuch a Pack of Blockheads in my Life. Their Remedies may do very well for a Dutch Conſtitution, but I am ſure they are enough to ruin an Engliſh one. The People too ſeem dreadfully ſtupid in general, and there is ſcarce a rational Riding-School or Turf Coffee-Houſe in the Place. *Apropos*, I bought a reſtiff Dutch Coach-Horſe about ſix Weeks ago for four Pound ten, to amuſe my Mornings with; and worked him up and down the Streets, to the great Annoyance of the Burgomaſters. I very near broke my Neck laſt Night. Coming Home late, with two young Fellows that I

ſcraped

ſcraped Acquaintance with about three Days before; I fell over a Sow that lay ſnoring in the Middle of the Street. She turned round immediately to bite me, but before ſhe had Time to get up, we tied her Neck and Heels with an Handkerchief, dragged her to a purblind Apothecary's Door, and ſwore there was a Woman in Labour. Down he came in his Night-cap, and we took to our Heels, leaving him to *deliver* her as well as he could. Adieu, I hope to ſee *England* next Month, or perhaps ſooner.

Yours, ever,

*Thorobred Rugg.*

*Mrs.*

*Mrs.* MELMOTH *to Mrs.* MANCEL.

*Pall-Mall, May.*

*My Dear Mother,*

YOU deſire me in your laſt to to give you ſome Account of what is going forward in this gay World, what public Diverſions are chiefly frequented, and, in one Word, what is the *Ton*. The Newſpapers you complain, give ſuch ſtrange Accounts of Depravity of Morals, Extravagance of Dreſs, and epidemical Folly on all Sides, that you cannot credit it; and indeed I was almoſt as faithleſs as yourſelf, till my own Eye-ſight converted

converted, or at leaſt convinced me. For, without ocular Demonſtration, "Who," (as *Gonzalez* ſays in the *Tempeſt*,)

"Would believe that there were Mountaineers
"Dewlapt like Bulls, whoſe Throats had hang-
"ing at them
"Wallets of Fleſh? Or that there were ſuch
"Women
"Whoſe Heads ſtood in their Breaſts? But now
"I'll believe both:—and what does elſe want
"credit, come to me
"And I'll be ſworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er lied
"Tho' Fools at Home condemn them."——

Really, the whole ſeems like a Dream to me, and I ſhall not be thoroughly awake again, till I get back into the Country. To begin with our own Sex, as we certainly claim the Preference in every Thing, "The human Face divine," which was wont to poſſeſs ſome Share of Pre-eminence, and with its natural

Appendage

Appendage of Hair, and a few artificial Ornaments, formed the Capital of the Pillar: — "The human Face divine" appears now, according to the exact faſhionable Proportion, in the Middle of the Figure; and a Lady of the *Ton*, groaning under her enormous Superſtructure of Hair, Wool, Pins, Powder and Pomatum; decorated and tricked out with her Flower Garden, her Kitchen Garden, and her Orchard; her Cabbages, her Radiſhes, and her Apples: looks as if ſhe had ran away with ſome Milkmaid's *May* Garland, or was ſinking under the complicated Ruin of a Green-Grocer's Stall. Mr. *Melmoth*, for to call him Huſband, would be utterly Gothic, keeps a Chair for me to viſit in, but I fear

I muſt

I muſt ſoon put him to the Expence of another, as I find it morally impoſſible to move about in the ſame Vehicle with my Head-dreſs, which I deſign to be preceded by in future, as the Knights were by their Helmet, in Days of Chivalry. Nor are the Men one whit behind us in Point of Extravagance and Abſurdity. I never ſee one of them on Horſeback when the Sun ſhines, but I think of the Knight of the Looking Glaſſes in *Don Quixote*, with Buttons as large and as beautiful as the Braſs-plates on a Street-door. To compenſate however for this Extravagance, their Waiſtcoats are generally laced, like a Woman's Stays, and without any Buttons at all. Then nobody can ſtir without two Watches, (ſo that a Man need never

never be at a Loſs to know how much Time he waſtes,) and theſe decorated with enormous Gold Chains, and as many Seals and Trinkets as would furniſh a Jew Pedlar's Travelling-Box. As for the Article of Buckles, their Size may perhaps render them extremely ſerviceable as Bridges in croſſing over a Kennel, but for their Beauty I muſt beg to be excuſed. A few Nights ſince I went to *Stevens*'s Lecture upon Heads, and was not a little entertained. He ridicules all the faſhionable Abſurdities moſt excellently. A Head he defines to be a Kind of Wen, or *Fungus*, or in the Language of Botaniſts, a Sort of Bulbous Excreſcence, growing out between the Shoulders; whoſe chief Uſe is, to hang a Hat

upon, have one's Hair dreſt upon, and the like. And ſo much for the Vanities of this Wicked World. Next Week I believe we ſhall return to the Country, as Mr. *Melmoth* begins to think his Preſence neceſſary amongſt his Workmen, and I poor vulgar Creature, find myſelf almoſt tired with this perpetual Round of Confuſion. So very luckily both Huſband and Wife are agreed in this Matter. As I ſhall ſee you ſoon, I will not prolong my Scrawl, but conclude with an Ode I received lately from a Lady of my Acquaintance, exceedingly applicable to the preſent Subject. It was ſent her from *America* by her Nephew, who proteſts it is founded on Facts, however

however you may believe the Veracity of it or not, as you feel moſt diſpoſed.———

## O D E.

Twas near a lofty Manſion's Side,
Where big with *Continental* Pride,
Met *Boſton*'s Patriot Race;
Sublimeſt of the feather'd Kind,
*Belinda*, *Britiſh* Dame, reclined,
Gaz'd Penſive in her Glaſs.

The varying Glories of her Veſt,
Her tow'r-crown'd Head, denote her Dreſt
By *Coterian* Laws;
Her Plumes that might with Oſtrich vie,
Or buſkin'd Chief in Tragedy,
She ſees, and nods Applauſe.

Still had ſhe gaz'd: when with rude Throng
An uncouth Vaſe borne ſwift along,
Broke ſhort each pleaſing Dream:
The feather'd Covering's Silver Hue,
Thro' richeſt Plumage to the View
Betray'd a Sable Gleam.

The hapleſs Nymph with Wonder view'd;
With ſmother'd Laugh th' inhuman Croud
In Expectation gathers:
She ſtretch'd her Hand to reach the Prize;
What Female loves not Novelties!
What *Britiſh* Female, Feathers!

Preſumptuous Maid! with Looks intent,
Again ſhe ſtretch'd, again ſhe bent
Some cluſt'ring Plume to win;
The ſlippery Verge her Graſp beguil'd,
(Whilſt Blackguard Boys ſtood by and ſmil'd,)
She tumbled headlong in.

Full ſwift emerging from the Tub,
Her Eyes obſcur'd ſhe ſtrove to rub,
And ſhriek'd for Drops and Pity;
No feather-headed Friend appear'd,
Nor *Devonſhire* nor *Derby* heard
Her melancholy Ditty.

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceiv'd;
Know one falſe Step is ne'er retriev'd,
*Belinda*'s Fate beware!
From Levity Misfortune grows;
Thorns often lurk beneath the Roſe,
Beneath the Feathers, Tar.

Adieu,

Adieu, my Dear Mother, believe me,

Yours,

with the utmoſt Affection,

*Eliza Melmoth.*

## CHRISTOPHER HARTLEY, *Eſq*; *to Sir* ANTHONY ARTICHOKE.

*Hill-ſtreet, Berkeley-ſquare,*
*May 24th, paſt 12 at Night.*

*My dear old Friend Sir Anthony,*

HAVING now been in *London* for ſome Weeks, for you know I have been here ever ſince I left *Staples*, I begin to think of writing to you, to inquire after your Health, and to mention ſuch Circumſtances as may have befallen me ſince our laſt Meeting. It has always been my earneſt Wiſh and Deſire, as you certainly muſt well remember, I having frequently opened

opened myſelf on this Subject to you, to procure for my Daughter a Man of deep Literature, of profound and ſcientific Erudition, as an Huſband. Learning, ſays the Proverb, is better than Houſe and Land,

> For when Houſe and Land are gone and ſpent,
> Then Learning is moſt excellent.

and indeed I do not know how I ſhould have weathered my Way through ſo many Years as I have done, without it. My Daughter is fond of gadding about and racketting at Public Places at preſent 'tis true, but I don't doubt, if I can meet with ſuch an Huſband for her, ſhe will be quite another Thing, and then ſhe may learn Logic and Mathematics and Greek;

and that will be an everlaſting Fund of Amuſement, even though they ſhould live all the Year in the Country. I do not much care about the Matter of Fortune in my Choice. That will be no Object with me. She is my only Child, and I have enough for both of them. But to come to the Point. Do you know, my good old Friend, I really think I have found the Man I could wiſh for. This very Evening I was drinking Tea at Mrs. *Cypher's*, when, amongſt other Queſtions, enquiring after her Son who is of the Univerſity; ſhe told that he was gone upon a Viſit to her Brother for a few Days, that he was but juſt come up from *Oxford*, and had with much Difficulty brought his Tutor Mr. *Pedant* with

with him, a Gentleman of about thirty Years of Age, and who was reputed one of the cleverest, most learned, most agreeable Men in the University: but added she with a Sneer, he has kept it all to himself as yet; for though he has been here three Days, he has not advanced farther than Negatives and Affirmatives in his Discourse: However, you will see him presently. These Words were scarce out of her Mouth, before the Door opened softly, and in came Mr. *Pedant*. I rose from my Chair as he approached, in which he immediately seated himself, without uttering a Word. I must own I thought this a little odd; but learned Men will have their Oddities: So I drew another, and began entering

entering into a Diſcourſe with him. Whilſt I confined myſelf to the Politics and Public Amuſements of our Country, I cannot ſay that I found him very Communicative. This is certainly a Mark of Wiſdom and Erudition! But when at laſt I touched upon the Manners of the Ancients, and the Difference between the Policy of thoſe Times and our own, I perceived his Chair ſliding gradually nearer and nearer to me, bringing himſelf along with it, with his Eyes fixed earneſtly on the Fender. Preſently he turned his Face towards me, and in a half Whiſper, that the Reſt of the Company might not hear our Diſcourſe, began with the Wrath of *Achilles* in a dozen Lines from *Homer*, and before we parted, which

was

was not till near ten o'Clock, had given me a very compleat Epitome of the *Grecian* Hiſtory, interſperſed with excellent Remarks and Greek Quotations from *Herodotus*, *Thucydides*, &c. which, though I did not underſtand all of them, and cannot ſay I abſolutely remember any, yet nevertheleſs gave me an infinite Degree of Pleaſure and Satisfaction. In ſhort, my old Friend, you may ſuppoſe I was quite enraptured, and immediately invited him to Breakfaſt with me the next Morning, to which he at firſt appeared to aſſent very readily, but when I mentioned my having a Daughter at Home who was young and handſome, he ſeemed much diſturbed, and would fain have pretended an abſolute Obligation

to

to return directly to *Oxford*. I ſuppoſe he began to ſuſpect my Intentions upon him, and thought his Time too precious to be waſted in the Company of Women. Indeed I in ſome Degree intimated my Wiſhes for ſuch a Son-in-law, which might give him ſufficient Reaſon for his Diſtruſt. However, I would not let him off, So I hurried Home, and having acquainted my Daughter with the happy Proſpect ſhe had of ſuch a Huſband, and ordered her to prepare to receive him, I could not help ſitting down inſtantly to inform you of it, and, as I fear the Poſt is gone out, will ſend it by the early Stage tomorrow tied up like a Parcel, that you may receive this happy Intelligence as ſpeedily as poſſible. My

dear

dear old Friend, good by'e to you. I ſhall not ſleep a Wink to-night.

Your moſt true Friend,

*Chriſtopher Hartley.*

P. S. Mr. *Pedant* ſaid he ſhould certainly go to *Oxford* in a Day or two.

*Miſs*

*Miſs* HARTLEY *to Miſs* RUGG.

*Hill-Street, May,*

O My dear Girl, what ſtrange Things I have to tell you! Such a Creature, ſuch a Lump of Learning has my Father picked out for my Huſband! You know his abſurd Bigotry that way. But I will ſcribble down the whole Tranſaction. Laſt Night, my Dear, as I was juſt returned from two Routs, and going to Dreſs for the *Pantheon* Maſquerade; half awake, half aſleep, ſitting on a Sopha; in twenty Minds whether I ſhould go, or ſend an Excuſe to my Party; half eat up with the Spleen, the Vapours, and

and that Kind of *Ennuyant* Nothing-to-do-iſhneſs which is worſe than all the Reſt:—The Door flew open, and in hurried my Father, as faſt as ever two Sticks and a Pair of gouty Legs could carry him. "My Dear Child," ſays he, "make yourſelf happy! Your utmoſt Wiſhes will be ſatisfied!" So, thought I, what the Deuce is in the Wind now. "My Dear Sir," ſays I, turning round to him, "what have you done? Have you got me a Ticket for Lady *Racket*'s Private Concert." "Concert," quoth he, "No, my Dear, I have at laſt found out an Huſband for you. I met him this Night at Mrs. *Cypher*'s, and have prevailed on him to Breakfaſt here to-morrow and pay you a Viſit." Well, thought I, this muſt be

be a curious Creature indeed, if it is of your chuſing. "He is rather ſilent to be ſure," added he, "but you muſt talk to him. I'm ſure he is very learned."

After a little more Diſcourſe of this Sort, and five hundred Encomiums paſſed upon Mr. *Pedant*, for that is his Name; off he went to Bed; and for myſelf, my Mind was too much engaged with the Drollery of the Adventure, to ſuffer my going out that Night. So I rang my Bell, and went to Bed alſo; dreamt all Night of nothing but Bookworms and Conjurers, and at laſt waked in an horrible Fright with the Idea that I was almoſt ſqueezed to death by a great Dictionary, that had fallen upon me from the Top of a Cupboard.

In

In Proceſs of Time, as old ſtory Books ſay, Morning arrived, which I had through mere Curioſity been longing for during the laſt three Hours, almoſt as much as if I had been to ſee—any Body you chuſe to gueſs at. Between ten and eleven, having waited ſome Time for Mr. *Pedant*, we ſat down to Breakfaſt; and juſt as the ſecond Diſh was poured out, a double Knock proclaimed his Arrival. The Room Door opened, and in about half a Minute my Lover appeared. His Method of Approach was to be ſure ſomewhat ſingular. Whilſt the Door ſerved him for a Screen, his Advance was ſideways, ſomewhat in the Stile of a Crab, with his Face cloſe towards it. This was followed by a ſudden Evolution

upon the Heel to ſhut it after him; in which Situation he remained near a Minute, exhibiting one of the moſt ridiculous Back Fronts I ever beheld. At laſt, having atchieved this important Buſineſs, he ſuffered us to take a Peep at his Face, through the Medium of a dirty Pocket-Handkerchief, which he had whipt up to his Noſe at the Inſtant he turned towards us; but never was any awkward Schoolboy, when he comes home for the Holidays, and finds his Mother in a Circle of Company, half ſo *gauche* or *decontenancé*. His Feet ſeemed fixed to the Ground at the awful Appearance of your humble Servant. Really, I never thought myſelf quite ſo terrible before. By and by he advanced, with the left Hand fumbling

fumbling in his Pocket, as if he had loſt Something, and the other holding faſt by the lower Button of his Coat: but as Ill-luck would have it, he had ſcarce proceeded three Steps, when as he was gaping about for a Place to lay his Hat, and a Chair to ſit down on, the ſublime Majeſty of my Preſence, aſſiſted by a Corner of the Carpet, (according to the Doctrine of ſecond Cauſes) which his Foot happened to catch in, ſo ſtaggered him, that down he proſtrated at my Feet, like a *Perſian* before the Sun. Poor Man! I thought he had been in a Fit at firſt! Should not you, my Dear? So I ran up to him, and dropping upon one Knee, "My dear Mr. *Pedant*, this is Adoration indeed! Nothing Apoplectic? No-

thing of the Dead Palſy ſure? You are not hurt, I hope?" "No, he was not," he ſaid with an Air ſufficiently inelegant; and at the ſame Inſtant riſing with all the Hurry of Awkwardneſs, (not ſo nimbly however, but that he contrived to tear my Apron and cruſh my Father's gouty Toe in his Recovery,) he ſquatted in the firſt Chair he came to, which happened to be mine, and ſliding one Leg ſoftly over the other, fixed his Eyes upon his Shoe with a Look of Contemplation, which I believe would have continued till this Time, if nobody had diſturbed him. Well, nothing is ſo odious as to ſee a Man in a brown Study, or what is ſtill worſe, picking his Thumbs, and buttoning and unbuttoning his

Waiſtcoa

Waiſtcoat like a City Taylor trying an ill-made Suit of Cloaths on. In this Attitude, however, did he contrive to drink a Diſh of Tea which I carried him, and to eat two or three Pieces of Bread and Butter. As ſoon as the Breakfaſt Things were taken away, my Father, that he might not ſpoil Courtſhip, roſe to leave the Room. His poor Companion, though he had all the Dread of altering his Poſition as ſtrong upon him as ever, could not reſiſt the Attraction; but abſolutely varied his Attitude, and ſtealing his Head over his Shoulder by Degrees, like a Boy that is afraid of an Apparition after he has been hearing frightful Stories, eyed him wiſhfully to

the Door, and if *mauvaiſe honte* had not for once ſtood his Friend, would I dare ſay have given up all his Stock of Politeneſs to have followed him.

" He caſt one longing lingering Look behind."

We were now left to ourſelves. I, in that odd Kind of dubious Humour which a Woman feels when ſhe is in half a Dozen Minds whether to be croſs or not, found myſelf monſtrouſly diſpoſed for a little ill-natured Raillery; whilſt my Swain, ſo far from languiſhing with all the Ardour of an expiring Inamorato, or opening his unhappy Caſe with a Sigh of Deſpondency, endeavoured to entertain himſelf as aforeſaid, by ſqueezing and

and twiſting his Fingers, and diſtorting his Countenance, like a ſtarved Frog in a Fit of the Cholic.

True Love, they ſay, is always accompanied with Fear. It deprives the moſt Eloquent of the Powers of Speech, embarraſſes the eaſy and polite Man, and in ſhort turns the whole human Syſtem topſy turvey. If this be true, and if it be true likewiſe, that Mr. *Pedant* is a polite and agreeable Man, as my Father tells me, he muſt be moſt deſperately ſmitten indeed, and I fear, poor Fellow, from the little Encouragement he is likely to receive from me, will very ſoon put an End to himſelf; or reſume his Sciences, which I believe will

be much the ſame Thing to the World in general.

Well, my Dear, for two whole Hours I tormented him with a continued String of Common-place Chit-chat and every day Queſtions, in which I was much aſſiſted by the two Miſs *Yaffles*, who accidentally dropt in upon me. I abuſed the Cut of his Coat, informed him his Waiſtcoat was too long in the Pockets, and enquired whether his Taylor was a *Frenchman*. I aſked him how he liked the new *Opera*, whether he was at the *Pantheon* laſt *Monday*, and told him I heard that he was a Proprietor of *Ranelagh*. When I flagged for a Minute, my Companions opened upon him, and kept up an inceſſant Annoyance, which he endured

dured not ſo much from Patience, I believe, as from the Horrors of making a Bow if he left us. At laſt a polite Thundering at the Door, like an additional Broadſide, determined him; and conſidering that if he did not depart immediately, the Enemy would receive a Reinforcement, he jumped up from his Chair in an Inſtant, and retreated like the *American* Army in a Gazette, with the utmoſt Confuſion.

Alas, poor *Eaſy*! thou art ignorant what a dangerous Rival oppoſes thee! But I do not think you will remain long ſo, if it is in mine or my Father's Power to acquaint you with it. Here is the State of the Caſe. An agreeable young Fellow introduces himſelf to my

my Father at *Bath*, and by the Aſſiſtance of quick Parts, and a long Cock-and-Bull Story, works himſelf completely into his good Graces. Soon after it is thought neceſſary that I ſhould be married, and for this Purpoſe my wiſe Parent picks out, as I verily believe, one of the awkwardeſt Boobies in the whole Kingdom of *Great-Britain* for his Daughter to pay her Addreſſes to. However, a Confidant is thought requiſite to talk Matters over with, and now of all the Birds in the Air, who would you ſuppoſe the quick-ſighted old Gentleman pitches upon, but this very agreeable young Fellow, this identical *Eaſy*, whoſe Attachment to this very Daughter of his, if he had

had had the Sight of a Mole, he muſt have diſcovered over and over again, before this Time.

This laſt Buſineſs of the Confidant, I gathered from ſome Hints he dropped to-day; for ſo much is his Mind occupied between his own Plan of Operations, and his Inveſtigation of what perhaps never happened among the Ancients; that no Poſſibility ever enters his Head of the Enemy's being employed in counteracting him. If I don't ſee the dear Fellow in a Day or two, I'll write to him however, that he may be prepared to receive this great Truſt and Secret with due Compoſure of Countenance. Adieu, my dear *Rugg*, expect farther Diſpatches

patches ſpeedily with the freſheſt Intelligence.

Yours, till Marriage at leaſt,

For then I ſuppoſe I muſt belong entirely to my Huſband,

*Catharine Hartley.*

*William*

## WILLIAM EASY, *to* CHARLES MELMOTH.

*Temple, May 27th,*
*Ten o'Clock at Night.*

O CHARLES! O my Friend! I am ruined! I am undone! I, who laſt Night about this Time, was the moſt happy Man breathing, am now the moſt miſerable! I am betrayed, robbed, murdered, and thrown into a Ditch! "Such were," or at leaſt ſuch would be the Sounds of ſome deſpairing Bookſeller's Prentice, if he caught his favourite *Delia* in Bed with a Chimney-ſweeper. Such Plaints, ſuch miſerable Exclamations would he

he blubber forth from the Abundance of his Maſter's Circulating Library, when he found a Child ſworn to him by his Miſtreſs, whoſe Creation he was conſcious of having never aſſiſted in. But I, *Charles*, whom Difficulty does but encourage; who find my Ardour increaſe in Proportion to the Obſtacles I am to encounter; ſhall tell you in plain *Engliſh*, and in perfect Compoſure, that I am rivalled in Miſs *Hartley*'s Affections. Perhaps now you think me rather *too Eaſy* after ſuch a Diſcovery. I fancy however, you will not be of that Opinion, when I let you a little into the Character of my Opponent, and the Means by which I became acquainted with the Affair. His Name is *Pedant*; his Profeſſion

Profeſſion a College Tutor, his Age I gueſs at about Thirty, for I remember him well at the Univerſity about three Years longer ſtanding than myſelf, He is one of that particular Species of Beings who at School gain the Imputation of ſomething uncommonly clever, from a Kind of ſolitary Vanity and Affectation of Manlineſs which they have about them; who never join in any of the Sports of their Schoolfellows, but inſtead of playing at Cricket or Football on an Holiday, pretend to read *Greek* under a Tree for their Amuſement, (in Imitation of the old *Pagans* I ſuppoſe in the hallowed Groves of *Academe*;) and are for ever puzzling their Leiſure Hours with Authors that they are not required to look into,

into, and cannot poſſibly underſtand. With this Stock of Knowledge they are ſent to the Univerſity, where they probably get a Scholarſhip, or ſome little Emolument of that Sort. Their Mind is now bewildered in all the Labyrinths of Science; and having in the Courſe of about ſeven Years ſufficiently perplexed themſelves with Mathematics, ſophiſticated themſelves with Logic, and got through all the Farce and methodized Nonſenſe neceſſary for taking Degrees, the *Generals*, *Juraments*, *Wall Lectures*, and *Examinations*: they ſtart up all at once, Maſters of Arts, Tutors and Governors of their College; a Set of the moſt erudite, inſolent, awkward, uncivilized Animals that ever honoured an Univer-

ſity, or diſgraced all other Parts of a Kingdom. In Regard to the Hiſtory of the Day, or how the World goes, as we ſay; their Ignorance of preſent Occurrences is equalled by nothing but their thorough Acquaintance with the Stateſmen, Warriours, and Demireps of Antiquity. They are all a thouſand Years behind Hand; and I dare ſay would give a much better Account of the *Bellum Peloponneſiacum*, the Peſtilence that raged among the *Athenians*, or the Burning of *Rome* by *Nero* the Emperor, than they could poſſibly do of the preſent Conteſt with *America*, the dreadful Effects of the late terrible Influenza, or the firing *Portſmouth* Dock-yard by *John* the *Painter*. Strip their Gowns from their

Shoulders, and lock them out of their Library, their magical Powers are at an End; and if they were turned looſe in *London* in this Situation, they would be far more at a Loſs in every Reſpect, than the late imported Specimen of Savages from the Iſlands of the South. "Remember, (as *Caliban* ſays of *Proſpero*)

"Firſt to poſſeſs his Books, for without them
"He's but a Sot as I am; and hath not
"One Spirit to command.—Burn but his Books."

Well, my dear Friend, do you think you ſhould know this Rival from the Deſcription I have given; and do you think there is much to be feared from him, all Circumſtances conſidered? Miſs *Hartley* laughs

laughs at him, and tormented him ſo completely the laſt Viſit he made her, which by the Bye was the firſt, and that owing to her Father's preſſing Invitation, that I ſuſpect he will ſoon fly off in a Tangent, and have nothing farther to ſay to her. But now for the Means by which I gained all this Knowledge. This whole Day has been ſpent with old *Hartley*. As ſoon as we were left to ourſelves after Dinner, he began with Mr. *Pedant*, and in about half an Hour unfolded his Plan of Operations to me as completely as I could have wiſhed, concluding with deſiring my Aſſiſtance as Confidant. That before he left *London*, which would not be till the End of *July*, he meant

to viſit *Oxford*, whither he hoped I would accompany him, and that he ſhould if poſſible, prevail upon *Pedant* to ſpend ſome Time with him in *Dorſetſhire*. During this Diſcourſe, you may gueſs I was in a moſt ridiculous Situation. However, I ſmothered my Aſtoniſhment tolerably well, and entirely acquieſced in every Thing; pretending to approve his Plan highly. After Tea, the old Gentleman took a Nap, and conſequently gave me the Opportunity of a charming *Tête à Tête* with *my Kitty*, (as I hope ſhe will be,) which I believe did not much promote Mr. *Pedant*'s Intereſt. On *Saturday* he departs to *Oxford*, as I ſhall immediately to Bed,

Bed, and defer the Concluſion of this Letter till to-morrow. Good Night to you.

*W. Eaſy.*

## EASY *in Continuation.*

*May 28th, Friday Morning.*

IF you find any Thing abrupt or unconnected in this ſecond Part of my Letter, you muſt attribute it to the ridiculous Manner in which I was waked this Morning. Between ſeven and eight o'Clock, an Hour when you know nobody is ſtirring in *London* except Duſtmen and Chimney-ſweepers, with here and there an accidental Milkmaid, or a Carriage returning from the Maſquerade; I was rouſed from a very ſound Sleep by a violent and inceſſant Thundering at my Door. By the Time I had opened

opened my Eyes, and turned about to ſee what was the Matter; I diſcovered the Author of all this Riot, who had forced his Way in, and was ſtanding by my Bed-ſide. He was a very ſhabby looking Fellow, about the middle Size, with an old ruſty Hat flapped over his Face, a threadbare Coat of coarſe blue Kerſey, cloſe buttoned, and in his Hand a very inimical Oak Staff of at leaſt two Inches diameter. For ſome Time I was in doubt whether to conſider him as a Thief, Thief-taker, or Bailiff; three Characters I am exceedingly averſe to being connected with; and ſhould probably have laboured much longer under this Uncertainty, had I not recognized the Voice of our old Friend and

Schoolfellow, Sir *Thorobred Rugg*, who arrived in *England* about three Days before, and now made his Appearance with the Intention of breakfaſting with me. Whilſt I was dreſſing, he entertained me with the Detail of ſome of his *Holland* Exploits. How he had terrified two *Jew* Merchants into a Fit of Illneſs, by committing the dark Deed of Nature on their Sabbath, with a mad *Dutchwoman* under a Hedge, whom he gave a Schelling for her Trouble, and had his Pocket picked into the Bargain. How he had got drunk about a Week before he left the *Hague*, and had thrown two Clappermen into one of the Canals, having firſt packed them up carefully in a Couple of four-dozen Hampers.

And

And finally, how he had been rambling half over *London* laſt Night, with his two Friends, *Jack Surcingle* and *Tom Fetlock*, whom he had met by Accident at the *Piazza* Coffee-houſe. How they had all been to a great Fire that had happened ſomewhere or other, though he had forgot where: that he had ran up one of the Ladders, and brought down a Woman and Child from a two pair of Stairs Room that was burning; had drank Purl with the Firemen; and as he was coming home, had got into an empty Watch-box, and made a one-eyed Watchman take to his Heels, and drop his Staff and Lantern, by jumping out upon him and crying boh! as he was returning to his Stand from the Ale-houſe;

houſe; and how he had hung up another to the Hooks of a Butcher's Shambles by the Waiſtband of his Breeches.

By the Time theſe Hiſtories were finiſhed, I was dreſſed and ready for Breakfaſt; when juſt as the firſt Diſh of Tea was poured out, he recollected that his Face had not been waſhed ſince his Arrival in *England*, and ran immediately to my waſhing Stand. This however did not anſwer his Purpoſe, as the Baſon, which I had juſt been uſing, was not emptied. That it was poſſible to throw its Contents out of the Window, and fill it with clean Water, never once occurred to him, if one may judge from the Method he ſubſtituted; which was no other than dipping the Corner

of

of the Breakfaſt Cloth into his Tea-cup, and wiping himſelf with his dirty Pocket Handkerchief. My Breakfaſt and his Ablution being finiſhed, he turned his Face towards the Looking-glaſs, and unluckily diſcovered that ſhaving alſo was in ſome Degree proper, as he was engaged out to Dinner. So all neceſſary Implements being produced for the Purpoſe, he began his Operation; but had ſcarcely cleared one Side of his Countenance, when the injudicious Motion of the under Jaw, occaſioned by ſome ſudden Remark he was about to make, laid the Razor a full half Inch into his Cheek. Blood followed pretty plentifully as you may imagine: This however being ſtaunched by ſcraping from

from his Hat the ſmall Quantity of Nap that remained there, and applying to the Wound; he determined to avoid riſquing a ſecond Inciſion, by leaving the other Side of his Face untouched; and having ſtaid with me about an Hour longer, he ſallied out to pay a few more Morning Viſits, and from thence to the Houſe whither he was engaged to Dinner.

If ever Man had Pretenſions to Originality, ſurely this has! and yet with all his Oddities and Foibles, one cannot help liking him. He is, I really think, a very worthy Fellow at Bottom, and has a good Heart. Old *Thiſtleberry*, the Parſon of his Pariſh in *Yorkſhire* is dead lately, and he means to preſent *Tom Fetlock*, who is in Orders,

ders, to the Living. In a few Days he goes to *Woodſtock* upon a Viſit to his Uncle and Siſter, and from thence to *Foxhall*, his *Yorkſhire* Seat. His Siſter I believe accompanies him thither, and I am engaged to pay him a Viſit when I can find Leiſure. This I fancy will ſoon take place, as I ſhould wiſh to ſpend ſome Time there, and muſt nevertheleſs return to *London* early enough to attend old *Hartley* on his curious *Oxford* Expedition. *Vive*, *Vale*, farewell.

Your's,

*W. Eaſy.*

*Charles*

## CHARLES MELMOTH, to WILLIAM EASY.

*Melmoth Place, June,*

YOUR laſt Letter my dear *Eaſy*, was really a great Treat to me, and I give you Joy of your Rival from the Bottom of my Soul. What a Fund of Entertainment muſt he be to Miſs *Hartley* his intended Wife, if he accepts her Father's Invitation into *Dorſetſhire*; which however I have my Doubts about. How often will his Preſence be uſeful, "*Vice Cotis*," inſtead of a Whetſtone, to ſharpen her Wit upon, and relieve her Spirits

Spirits from the dreadful Dejection of a Country Atmoſphere. Though I don't think her one of thoſe mad Girls, who can never exiſt but in the Noiſe and Diſſipation of *London*. She likes it very much when ſhe is there 'tis true, as indeed is natural enough; but I really believe her capable of ſpending her Summer in the Country, with no other Diverſions than her Books, her Horſe, and her Huſband, provided ſhe is fond of him; and now and then the Variety of viſiting in a good Neighbourhood. This at leaſt is the Opinion I have been inclined to entertain from what I have heard or ſeen of her, ſince the Night you introduced me at *Ranelagh*, and you know I pique myſelf upon a ready Diſcernment,

even

even into Women's Characters. The Contraſt between *Pedant* and our Friend, Sir *Thorobred*, in the firſt and ſecond Parts of your Letter, is exceedingly ridiculous, and upon Paper makes no bad Figure. How exquiſite muſt a Meeting be between them! I remember we had many of thoſe walking Libraries at *Cambridge*. I am glad the ſaid Sir *Thorobred* is returned from the *Hague*; my Compliments when you go down. As you wiſely remark, there is ſomething very original in the Compoſition of that Man. Take away his exceſſive Paſſion for Horſes; (and yet, as every Body has their Hobby-horſe, the Object perhaps may as well be real as metaphorical) His Imitation of *Charles* the Twelfth in all the negative

negative Exeellencies of dirty Face and Hands, old blue Coats, and Braſs Buttons; and that ſtrange Extravagance and Wildneſs, which is ſometimes the Cauſe of good, and ſometimes of fooliſh Actions, juſt as it happens: which as Whim and Humour prompt, will induce him to reſcue a Woman out of a Fire, or to throw a Waiter into one: take away all this, I ſay, and he is a very rational Fellow. As to Senſe, he is poſſeſſed of very quick natural Parts, though I cannot ſay much for their Cultivation. Literature he never was particularly fond of, and when at the Univerſity, the illiberal Manners of its Teachers, greatly contributed I believe to make him deſpiſe the one for the Faults of the

other, and throw it up entirely. This was my general Opinion of his Character when I laſt ſaw him, and by your Account of his Morning Viſit in the *Temple*, his Travels do not ſeem to have produced the leaſt Alteration. I may add likewiſe, as the finiſhing Stroke to his Picture, and which indeed the utter Neglect of his Perſon ſomewhat prepares one for; that in Regard to all the Minutiæ of Life, if I may ſo call them, ſuch as ſnuffing a Candle without throwing the Snuff about, mending a Pen, tearing a Piece of Paper evenly, or ſealing a Letter without burning both it and his own Fingers, with five Hundred other little Excellencies of this Sort, he has not the leaſt Idea of them. Now whether this

this proceeds from a natural and innate Awkwardneſs in ſuch Matters, or a Degree of Abſence and Inattention to them, I never yet could determine. For if he wanted a Pair of clean Stockings, and his Servant ſhould bring a Silk and a Thread one, or a Pair with half a dozen great Holes in them, he would put them on without perceiving either the one or the other. All theſe Peculiarities, *Eaſy*, you are full as well acquainted with as myſelf, but upon mentioning his Name, I could not help falling into Remarks, and ſcribbling my Paper with them.

To return now to the Beginning of your Letter, (for I will not trouble you this Time with any Hobby-horſical Intelligence of my

Buildings and Alterations,) I am very ſorry to find myſelf under the diſagreeable Neceſſity of reprobating that profane Ridicule of modern Novels, with which you open your Misfortunes; and at the ſame Time muſt take the Liberty of informing you, that "What ſhould be great, you turn to Farce," as *Prior* ſays; (I will not wiſh you puniſhed by the Inſertion of a Ladle;) or to ſearch farther into Antiquity for a Quotation, "What is Sport to you is Death to us." *Vide Æſop*'s Fable of the Boys and Frogs. To ſpeak more plainly, though your *London* Volatility may prompt you to laugh at every Thing that ſpeaks feelingly to the ſofter Paſſions; that tells the ſad Tale of diſappointed Love, or breathes

breathes amidſt innumerable Stars and Daſhes, the Strains of Refinement and Senſibility: our Country Swains and Damſels are very differently affected by them. To promote your Converſion, if that be poſſible, I deſire you will read the incloſed Letter, which was found a few Days ſince in a Cloſet in one of the Garrets, and by the Signature appears to have been written by Mrs. *Melmoth*'s laſt Maid, who quitted her about a Twelvemonth ago. I always thought there was ſomething particular and romantic in the Girl, and ſuſpected a Love Affair at the Bottom. The Argument of the incloſed is as follows. That *John o'Nokes* and herſelf felt a mutual Attachment to each other, and that ſhe had almoſt given her

Conſent to marry him; but that unluckily *Tom O'Stiles* becoming acquainted with her about that Time, is likewiſe deſperately ſmitten. Upon this, he declares his Paſſion; and ſhe, though not experiencing any ſimilar Inclination on her Part, and being alſo previouſly engaged, is nevertheleſs worked up to ſuch a Pitch of general Philanthropy, and Sentiment, and Pathos, &c. &c. &c. as to determine that ſhe will marry neither of them, and by this noble Self-denial, (according to our dull Apprehenſions at leaſt) ſhe makes three People unhappy inſtead of one. Whether ſhe took her Idea from *Foote*'s Primitive Puppet-ſhow, I cannot pretend to ſay. As to the Letter, it appears to have

have been written juſt before ſhe quitted our Place, and whither ſhe went afterwards, nobody knows hereabouts. However I ſend you the Original, and leave you to decipher it at your Leiſure.

About ten o'Clock laſt Night, I was not a little ſurpriſed by the Appearance of my Brother *George* at *Melmoth-Place*, when I imagined him treading the Paths of Slaughter in *America*. I cannot ſay his Looks are much improved by the Expedition. Indeed he ſays that he has hardly enjoyed a Day's good Health ſince he left *England*, and as the Climate does not at all agree with his Conſtitution, he has obtained Leave of Abſence, and has ſome Thoughts of reſigning his Commiſſion, and entirely quit-

ting the Army, which he mentioned to General *Howe* before his Departure. He ſays he had written a Letter to me about two Months ſince, which I ſuppoſe muſt have miſcarried. One of his firſt Enquiries was after Miſs *Rugg*, for whom you know he always profeſſed a certain *Tendre*, as far at leaſt as his Nature is capable of; ſo I dare ſay, if ſhe goes down to *Yorkſhire* with Sir *Thorobred*, you will ſoon ſee him there. He ſtill retains his Attachment to *Morocco* Pocket Books, Shagreen Toothpick Caſes, and Orange Flower Pomade; and continues to read Lord *Cheſterfield*'s Letters with much Devotion, though I don't think he imbibes any of the pernicious Parts of them. A-propos—

he

he talks of writing a long Letter to you ſoon, on the Preſumption of which Event taking Place, I think it high Time to ſubſcribe myſelf as I really am,

Yours, ſincerely,

*Charles Melmoth.*

*The*

*The Incloſed Letter.*

'TIS paſt! the fatal Trial is over; and my Reſolutions are invincibly fixed. What have been my Senſations, what have been my Sufferings, ſince I laſt ſaw you *Roger!* But, alas! ſuch is the Unhappineſs of my Deſtiny! why was I born to ſuch a Load of unmerited Misfortune; why was my Life marked out for one continued Scene of Miſery and Diſtreſs! It is too—too much! my Soul ſinks under it; and with a weak tremulous Languor, wafts its Prayers inceſſant to the Throne of Mercy, to put a finite

ſinite Period to the peculiar Wretchedneſs of its Exiſtence.

How happy was our laſt Meeting, when we paſſed our *Sunday* Evening in the Fields of ———. The Country ſeemed to glow with unuſual Verdure; whilſt before us the Proſpect wide extending itſelf, incorporated its boundleſs Limits in the blue Diſtance of Immenſity. The *May* Thorn breathed forth its bitter Fragrance, and every Buſh was impregnated with the melliſluous Lays of the Thruſh and the Nightingale. The very Daiſies ſmiled at our Felicity, whilſt the Butterflowers rearing high their yellow Heads, ſought to emulate the

the Tranquillity of the golden Age.

We proceeded to Lord *D*——'s Park. A fine River winds its Way in ſerpentine Meandrings through the green Verdure of its Banks. At the Source in a reclining Poſture, is a Figure of *Neptune* in Stone, incomparably executed. His right Arm reſts upon an Urn, from whence the Stream diſgorging itſelf, ruſhes onward with an impetuous Torrent, forming a moſt beautiful Caſcade. Hark! didn't I hear *Betty* call me? I'll juſt ſtep down ſtairs for a Minute to ſee what ſhe wants. * * * Oh! 'tis nothing but the Man with Fiſh! "We don't want any to-day."

We ſeated ourſelves by the Side of it; and gazed at the Multitude of

of litttle Fiſhes, which leaping inceſſantly after the Flies that ſkimmed upon its Surface, dimpled the Water with innumerable Circles. Around us Herds of ſpotted Deer were roving, or ſtretched incumbent on the ruſhy Banks, fearleſs of *Acteon*'s fate.——Another Interruption! my Miſtreſs's Bell rings! What can ſhe want with me!——* * * * *. I am juſt returned from her. I'm quite out of Breath! 'twas only to fetch ſome Water to waſh her Hands with.

On a ſudden a dark Cloud, as if envious of our Felicity, and ominouſly portending the ſad Reverſe that awaited us, obſcured the Face of the Sun, which till then had ſhone upon us with undiminiſhed Luſtre. A heavy Storm of Rain ſucceeded,

ſucceeded, and we were compelled to take Shelter in a Grotto at the Corner of the Wood, where * * * * * * * *.

[Here ſeveral Lines are entirely obliterated. *Hiatus valde deflendus.*]

I was ſitting in my Miſtreſs's Cloſet; the Family were gone out to pay a Viſit. My right Leg, reſting its Ancle upon my left Knee, ſuſtained itſelf horizontally, whilſt I mended a Hole in my new Cotton Stockings. Dear Cotton Stockings! ye pure Emblems of my *Roger*'s Love! A gentle Tap at the Door—my Heart palpitated as I heard it. I fancied it might be you! The Tap was repeated, but with a Sound methought expreſſive

preſſive of Unhappineſs and Submiſſion! I was at that Inſtant endeavouring to puſh a freſh Piece of Thread through the Eye of my Needle. Come in, I cried with a Tone of Surpriſe and Irreſolution! The Door opened! With a Face wan and death-like, he ſtood before me!—'Twas *Humphrey*, the poor unhappy *Humphrey!* On his Countenance had ſeated itſelf a fixed Melancholy! His Lips quivered with Sorrow, but he remained ſpeechleſs before me. Judge the Wretchedneſs of my Situation! The Thread dropt from my Hand, and I ſtuck the Needle into my * * * * * * †. Blood immediately

† The Printer takes this Opportunity of apologizing to the Public, for the many Errata and Omiſſi-

ately followed the Stroke, and I ſuffered a conſiderable Degree of Anguiſh. But, alas! what was that Pain compared to my mental Affliction. He drew a Chair, and ſeated himſelf by me without ſpeaking a Word. On a ſudden he caught my Hand, and looking ſtedfaſtly on my Face, while the Tears ſtarted from his Eye; uttered the following Words mingled with his Sighs.

"I come not, Mrs. *Suſan*," (here his Voice faultered, and he wiped his Noſe with his Sleeve) "I come not, Mrs. *Suſan*, I ſay," (here he recovered himſelf a little,

Omiſſions which may be found in this Letter; it being ſo rubbed, and torn, and ſcratched, and blotted with Tears, in ſeveral Places, as to render a Diſcovery of the Meaning impoſſible.

and

and proceeded in a rather firmer Tone) " to diſpleaſure you any " more upon the Subject of Ma- " trimony, as I did before; know- " ing well that you do not like me; " and beſides that you are already " engaged to *Roger*. So, alas! " there's an End of all Hopes on " that Head for me! But I hope " you wont be angry with me for " coming to take my laſt farewell " of you. For indeed, I could not " help coming to ſee you before I " went." " Went," cried I, with a Voice of the utmoſt Pity and Sur- prize, " and whither art thou go- " ing?" " I'm going", cried he, ſniveling, " to--to--liſt for a Soldi- " er! I can't bear to ſee you belong " to another Man! — You were the " guiding Star of my Deſtiny, to

" guide me on my Way; but when " you are ſet in the Arms of ano- " ther! I'm ſure I can't, no! I " never can ſtand it!" At theſe Words he ſtarted from his Chair, and with a Look of wild Diſorder, ſlam'd the Door and left me.

Poor Soul! How I pitied him! 'Tis true, I never liked him, and that I am almoſt engaged to be thy Wife. But ſhall I, for the Sake of my own Happineſs, be ſo ſelfiſh as to make a Fellow Creature miſerable for ever? What ſhall I do? how ſhall I act in this embarraſſing Dilemma? Shall I . . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

No—Happineſs could never be my Lot. Even in thy Arms I ſhould . . . . . Let us exert our Reaſon,

ſon, *Roger*; let us call our Fortitude to our Aſſiſtance. The Fates have decreed us to be unhappy, but it is in our own Power whether we ſhall make others ſo. If I am condemned to be wretched, it will at leaſt be ſome Conſolation amidſt the Bitterneſs of my Diſtreſſes; ſome Alleviation of my inſuperable Anguiſh; to reflect that I have not contributed to the Miſery of another. If I am excluded from every Ray of Comfort, and compelled to wander in the dark Paths and Labyrinths of Adverſity;

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . Ah, *Roger!* . . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . I conceive . . . . . .

his Miſery, . . . . . the

Pains of . . . . . .
. . . . . Labour he muſt endure, what intolerable Hardſhips!

From the World I ſeclude myſelf for ever! ſuch is my fixed Reſolution. Before this reaches you, I leave my Place, and quit this Part of the Country! Enquire no farther. To find me out you need not endeavour. I go where you will never more hear of the moſt unfortunate of her Sex! Adieu!—Farewell - - - - for e—ver!

*Suſannah Sentiment.*

*Miſs* HARTLEY *to Miſs* RUGG.

*Hill-ſtreet, June,*

MY dear *Rugg*, how long do you mean to keep that odious Name by you? I proteſt it gives one the Idea of ſomething uncivilized even in the writing it, and diſperſes every finer Idea one might have to communicate. Beſides, 'tis ſo wholly inconſiſtent with your Character. Do look out for a young Fellow with ſomething delicate and *piano* in his Appellation, and with a Diſpoſition ſuited to your own. Shall I recommend one to you? Or will you accept of

one of mine? *Eaſy* I cannot ſpare, but you are welcome to my Father's Friend, Mr. *Pedant*; at leaſt as ſoon as I am tired with teaſing him. He is returned to *Oxford*; the fitteſt Place for him. What think you of the Name? How would the Title of Mrs. *Pedant*, Wife and Bedmaker to a College Tutor, ſound in your Ears?

Not to joke longer, I have really a great Piece of News for you, and ſomething to propoſe ſeriouſly to your Conſideration in the Matrimonial Way. As for myſelf, I believe I never ſhall think ſeriouſly of any Thing 'till I *am* married; and then I ſuppoſe I muſt draw myſelf up with my Hands before me, talk with a grave Face about the Cares of a Family, and delibe-

rate

rate with my Houſekeeper for two Hours every Morning, what Piece of ſalting Beef ſhould be ordered from the Butcher, and whether a Gooſeberry or a Currant Pye will be beſt for Dinner.

Come now for the News. *Eaſy* dined with us a Day or two ago, and amongſt other Intelligence told us that he had received a Letter from his Friend *Charles Melmoth*, mentioning the Return of his Brother the Captain from *America*, on Account of the Climate not agreeing. What think you of him for a *Caro Spoſo?* If I recollect, he was an old Flame of yours before he went abroad.

O! I beg Leave to congratulate you likewiſe upon your Brother's Arrival. The Name of *Rugg* was

for him and him only! Pray preſent my reſpectful Compliments, and tell him I rejoice to find he makes his public Entry in the Morning Poſt with ſo much *Eclat*. I have ſeen him there with ſome Circumſtances in Regard to the Courſe of his Travels, which were entirely new to me. " Such a " Day arrived in *England*, Sir " *T*——— *R*——, commonly " known by the Name of the " rough riding, or *Thorough-bred* " Baronet, from his Travels to " the Country of the *Houyhnhnms*. " He is ſaid to be much improved " by this Expedition, and has " brought over with him a fine " *Houyhnhnm* Stallion, with two " *Yahoos* to look after it. He is " the ſecond *European* that ever " viſited

" viſited thoſe Parts, and is re-
" ported to have detected many
" Errors in Captain *Lemuel Gulli-*
" *ver*'s Account, which it is hoped
" he will ſoon favour the Public
" with."

A few Days afterwards appears the following Paragraph. " We " are ſorry to inform the Public " of the Death of one of the Ani-" mals called *Yahoos*, lately im-" ported by a certain *Rugg*—ed " Baronet, which happened on " *Wedneſday* laſt. " It was occa-" ſioned a Correſpondent informs " us, by the following Accident. " The Animal it ſeems having " ſome Time before been very re-" fractory, and having even killed " a Servant who attempted to chaſ-" tiſe him, was obliged to be

" cloſely

" cloſely confined. On *Wedneſday*
" Morning however, his Keepers
" unchained him, and having as
" they thought ſufficiently ſecured
" him with Ropes, put him into
" a Cart in Order to remove him ;
" when unluckily the Rope about
" his Neck having a ſlip Knot to
" it, entangled with a Poſt not far
" from the *Oxford Road* Turnpike,
" and inſtantly ſtrangled him.
" Dr. *H-nt-r* is ſaid to be making
" Intereſt for the Body for Diſſec-
" tion, as he propoſes mounting
" the Skeleton upon that of the
" Queen's *Elephant*, which he late-
" ly had the Honour to anato-
" mize."

O ! the Liberty of the Preſs, we may well cry out, that glorious Privilege of *Engliſhmen !* Pray tell

tell me though, in ſober ſerious Sadneſs, is all this true? I have a monſtrous Mind to write a long Letter to your Brother upon the Subject, and proteſt that I believe every Word of it. I find he intends taking you into *Yorkſhire* with him. I wiſh he would bring you to *London*, to keep me Company for a Month, for my Father for Reaſons of State, which I cannot dive thoroughly to the Bottom of, has determined to continue here till the End of *July* or Beginning of *Auguſt*. *Eaſy* tells me that he has an *Oxford* Jaunt in his Head, and means to tranſplant *Pedant* into *Dorſetſhire*. What a charming Country Companion he muſt make, for a *Tête à Tête* in an Arbour, to pick up one's Ball of Knot-

Knotting, or put one's Calaſh on with mathematical Preciſion. Never need I be afraid of my Cap or Handkerchief being pinned awry, when that happy Time arrives. Beſides, I dare ſay, as far at leaſt as Things future may be conjectured from paſt, my Father's great Wiſdom will inſiſt upon *Eaſy*'s accompanying us, in his Capacity of Confidant and Confeſſor to the Party, to forward this intended Match of mine. In Expectation of theſe bleſſed Events, I conclude without farther Ceremony, *Ma chere Marie*,

Your's,

*Catharine Hartley.*

Remem-

Remember I ſhall be very angry with you though, if that demure prudiſh little Phiz of yours, makes any Attempts upon the Fidelity of my Knight Errant, when I venture him down in the *North* with you.

*Chriſtopher*

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*Chriſtopher*

## CHRISTOPHER HARTLEY, *Eſq*; *to Sir* ANTHONY ARTICHOKE.

*Hill-Street, June.*

WELL, my old Friend, Matters go on ſwimmingly between Mr. *Pedant* and *Kitty*. He came according to his Promiſe the next Morning to Breakfaſt, and very glad I was to ſee him. However he did not ſeem much inclined to talk whilſt I was there, which I ſuppoſe was owing to an Unwillingneſs to declare himſelf before a third Perſon. So as ſoon as Breakfaſt was finiſhed, I quitted the Room, that he might feel himſelf

ſelf more free and unembaraſſed when left alone with my Daughter. And by the Sequel it proved that this Step of mine was very judicious; for I went immediately into my Study, which is next to the Room they ſat in, and liſtening attentively, I ſoon found they had begun a Converſation together, and though I could not hear what it was about, yet I am ſure my Daughter was very well pleaſed with him, for I heard her laugh heartily. Sometime after I could diſtinguiſh two other female Voices, which upon Enquiry I found to appertain to the Miſs *Yaffles*. Theſe ſeemed join in the Diſcourſe, which now grew louder and louder, mixed with inceſſant Peals of Merriment. As for Mr. *Pedant*, nothing could

be

be a ſtronger Proof of *his* Satisfaction, than that he could hardly prevail upon himſelf to quit them, for I believe he ſtayed there near four Hours. So I have no Doubt in my own Mind, but that he is a little hampered in the Charms of the Fair, for even the moſt learned of us ſometimes feel ourſelves ſubject to the Paſſion of Love. If he ſhould, what a happy Thing it will be for my Daughter! Her Fortune will be made at once, and I can tell her ſuch Huſbands are not to be met with every Day. However, I do not ſay much upon the Subject to her, becauſe I think theſe Things always turn out beſt when left to themſelves; but I have contrived ſuch a Plan as muſt neceſſarily increaſe the Intimacy between them,

them, inſomuch that if I have any Skill in Prophecy, Matters will be brought to a Concluſion before the End of the Summer. I ſhall not let you any farther into the Secret before the firſt Part of my Deſign has actually taken Place, as upon that the Succeſs of the whole in a great Meaſure depends. Not that I have the leaſt Fear of its failing, for I have a Confidant to aſſiſt me in the Buſineſs, by whoſe Diligence and Exertions I have no Doubt of all Things being brought to a right Iſſue. Who he is, I ſhall not inform you at preſent, a Secreſy you know is the Soul of Conſpiracy, and they ſay Walls have Ears, but ſhall proceed now with tranſcribing my Sentiments on a Subject which indeed I ſhould

have mentioned much ſooner, had not my Proceedings and Conſiderations concerning my Daughter's Marriage, left me hardly a Moment to ſpare for any other Buſineſs. I mean the *Nihil* or *Nothing* of the Schoolmen, which, if you recollect, we diſputed about for three Afternoons at *Staples*, when neither of us being able to make his Ideas on the Subject at all clear to the Underſtanding of the other, we left off juſt where we begun.

Now I am inclined to think that there is a very conſiderable Diſtinction and Difference to be made between *Nothing* as taken in its ſtrict and confined Senſe, and *Nothing* taken in its more general and extenſive one. *Nothing* taken ſtrictly, ſeems to be that which is impoſ-

ſible, and implies an abſolute Contradiction; whereas *Nothing* taken more generally, is applied both to what is poſſible as well as what is impoſſible. Again, *Nothing* may be diſtinguiſhed into a Negative, which is the Abſence of Reality in any Subject; and then there is *Nothing* privative, which is the Abſence of Reality in a Subject capable thereof, or wherein it ought to be found. And as to the *Poſſibility* or *Impoſſibility* of a Thing, we know that to be *impoſſible*, which exceeds or is beyond all poſſible Bounds, and which in ſhort can never happen. And if this be true, it neceſſarily follows, according to the Argument deduced from Contraries, that whatſoever does not exceed or go beyond thoſe

Bounds, but which, from its not exceeding, is conſequently and neceſſarily contained therein; may be denominated or conſidered as a Thing *poſſible*, or to be done. And of Things *poſſible*, there are ſeveral Species. Firſt, there is the *probable*, or what is likely to come to paſs; then there is the *improbable*, or unlikely, which nevertheleſs is a Species of the *poſſible*, inaſmuch as many Things may be very *poſſible*, though they are very *improbable*. And in Regard to Things *probable* and *improbable*, it is often very *probable* that a Thing ſhould happen contrary to all *Probability*, as — . . . .

" *O! Fallacem Hominum Spem,*
" *fragilemque Fortunam, et inanes*
" *noſtras Contentiones!*" ſays *Cicero*.

---I have

---I have been this Quarter of an Hour ſeeking after the Continuation of my Treatiſe, which was written upon an old Letter Cover, and upon enquiring of my Servant if he knew any thing of the Matter, have the Unhappineſs to find that before this Time it has been made Uſe of in cleaning a Grid-iron, or ſingeing a Fowl, or ſome ſuch culinary Employment, as he informed me that he had ſeen the Houſemaid bringing a conſiderable Quantity of Papers down Stairs in the Morning, which ſhe had given to the Cook for the Uſe of the Kitchen, and which ſhe ſaid, "ſhe "ſuppoſed were of no Signification, "as ſhe had looked at them, and "cou'd'nt make nothing out of "'em, and they laid about and

" look'd littering in Maſter's " Room."---Well, what a provoking Circumſtance this is, and particularly at preſent, as my Thoughts are ſo taken up with Mr. *Pedant* and my Daughter, that I ſhall hardly find Time to compoſe it over again. Therefore my dear old Friend and Couſin, God be with you.

*Chriſtopher Hartley.*

*Sir*

## *Sir* THOROBRED RUGG *to* WILLIAM EASY, *Eſq.*

*Woodſtock, June,*

HERE I am, *Eaſy*, according to my Intentions, paying a Viſit to my Uncle or Siſter, and enjoying the Benefit of a Fortnight's Graſs in *Oxfordſhire*. In a few Days however I think of being led down to *Foxhall*, and my Siſter has promiſed to accompany me, by way of arranging my Domeſtic Matters a little. The Stable I conſider as my own Department, ſo ſhall not permit her to interfere

there. I came down here upon a Hack I bought at *Tatterſall*'s, which I meant to have rode to *Yorkſhire*, but a damn'd Brute of my Uncle's, one of the Cart-horſes, kicked him plump on the Stifle Yeſterday Morning, as they were in the Field together. He is a develiſh clever Gelding. A dark Cheſnut, fifteen Hands and an Inch, fine Forehand, rather too much Daylight under him, but gets on helliſhly, a remarkable Gift of going, a very good Mouth, and he ſhall be a ſound one however. So I ſhall be obliged to kick myſelf down upon Poſt-horſes, (as for a Chaiſe, I hate it,) and leave him behind me for the preſent. I met *Tom Fetlock* the Day I ſaw you, and deſired him to come to *Foxhall* as

as ſoon as he could, that I ſhould be down in ten Days or a Fortnight, and expected to find him ready to receive me. Pray when do I ſee you there? I hope ſpeedily. I have a little grey Poney with a hogg'd Mane, will juſt ſuit your ſober Stile of riding. It is what you would call as quiet as a Lamb, and I a damn'd Slugg, or a Jackaſs. At leaſt it was ſo before I went Abroad. I uſed ſometimes to ride him to cover, but he's got almoſt too old for Work now. I never regretted any thing ſo much in my Life, ſince the Day I ſtrained *Black Sloven* leaping a Turnpike Gate, as I did loſing the laſt Hunting Seaſon in *Holland*. Poor Fellow, he never was worth Six-

pence

pence afterwards! though I got him tolerably well of that too, but then, and what the *Devil* was the Meaning of it, I can't conceive, there came a Windgall in the near Fetlock behind. So I opened the Swelling about an Inch, and ſqueezed out the Jelly, and put ſome white of Egg and Oil of Bays with Tow to it, but I believe it was too much amongſt the Sinews, for I was obliged to ſell him at laſt to *March* at *Maidenhead*, who fired him and worked him on the Road. Adieu,

Yours,

*Thorobred Rugg.*

*Miſs*

*Miſs* RUGG *to Miſs* HARTLEY.

*Woodſtock, June.*

MANY Thanks my Dear, for your two very communicative Letters. Upon my Word you have tormented poor *Pedant* in ſuch a Manner, that I fear your Charms will hardly be able to prevent his running away, not *with*, but *from* you. To-morrow my Brother departs for *Yorkſhire*, on Horſeback as uſual, accompanied by your humble Servant in a Chaiſe. Should nothing material prevent, I ſhall probably ſpend great Part of the Summer with him, as he ſeems to wiſh

wiſh much for my Company; beſides, *Eaſy*'s Appearance there will certainly be an additional Inducement, and we are not without Hopes of ſeeing Captain *Melmoth*; at leaſt my Brother deſigns giving him an Invitation. Somehow or other, I wiſh he may come down to us. He is ſuch an agreeable convenient Man in the Country, and he is always ſo ready to ride, or walk, or do juſt as I pleaſe with. Do not imagine from this now, that I have any Thoughts of him in a ſerious Way, notwithſtanding your Recommendation. And yet, if I was obliged to ſubmit to an Huſband, I think I might like him well enough, provided that he was not in the Army. But that Circumſtance, believe me, would be

an

an invincible Barrier, ſuppoſing all other Matters could be brought about, of which however there is not the leaſt Proſpect, and therefore let us drop the Subject.

My Brother returns you many Thanks for the Honour of your obliging Enquiries, as well as for the Paragraphs relative to his Travels, which you were ſo kind as to tranſcribe. *What dreadful Fatigues he muſt have undergone in America, if one half of the Newſpaper Accounts are true.* As to his being improved by his Expedition, he deſires me to tell you that *he is infinitely the worſe for it I fear, or he would hardly have quitted the Country on Account of his Health; however at all Events I am glad he is returned.*—Good God! what Nonſenſe

have I written! Well, *Kitty*, ſince the Diſcovery is made, I will not eraſe my Weakneſs. Interpret me as you pleaſe. That I may not however add to my Folly, I beg Leave inſtantly to ſubſcribe myſelf

Your moſt affectionate

*Maria Rugg.*

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END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.